

*The Tragical* GARLAND,  
OR, THE  
*Nobleman's Cruelty to his Son.*

IN FOUR PARTS.

1. Shewing how a young Squire fell in Love with his Mother's Waiting Gentlewoman.
2. How they were privately Married, and the proving with Child, was turned out of Door by his Parents.
3. The cruelty of his Parents, when they knew that he was Married.
4. How they sent him to *Cadix*, where he had his Head shot off by a Cannon Ball, and how his Ghost appeared to his Parents.



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*The Tragical* GARLAND,

**B** Oth Parents and Lovers I pray now attend,  
 Unto this Relation which now I have penn'd,  
 It's of a young Squire which now I do write,  
 Who courted his Father's Maid both day and night.  
 Though she was a Servant of mean degree,  
 And he a young Squire as great as may be,  
 He met the poor Damsel one Day in the Hall,  
 To this sort of Compliment straight he did fall.

Thou fairest of Creatures and Joy of my Heart,  
 'Tis a pleasure to meet but a sorrow to part,  
 Then grant me thy Favour my Joys to restore,  
 For never was Lover so wounded before.

For thee I have suffer'd much sorrow and pain,  
 And therefore my dearest Dear do not disdain,  
 But send a soft Glance from thy beautiful Eyes,  
 To comfort thy Lover that languishing lies.

The Damsel she stood like one struch dumb,  
 While blushes like flashes of Lightning did come,  
 At length she broke silence young Squire forbear,  
 I am a poor Servant do not me ensnare.

There's many young Ladies of honour and fame  
 That's fit for your Grandeur and equal your Name  
 But I poor Damsel of mean degree,  
 Content in my Station your Servant to be.

There's none in the World I admire but thee,  
 Then why will my Dearest be cruel to me,  
 And cause me in sorrow to sigh and complain,  
 O wound me no more with cruel disdain.

What Weapons compared with Arrows of Love,  
They pass through our Hearts and often do prove,  
Destruction if Cupid has power to seize,  
He wounds in our sleep and we die by degrees.

In Letters of Love here I lye at thy Feet,  
Receive my Love vouchsafe to complete,  
My Happiness in sweet Raptures of Joy,  
No longer be cruel no longer be coy.

O why art thou silent swart Susan the fair,  
Why must I lye still between hope and despair,  
O why in a lingring State must I bleed,  
Restore me to Life, or dispatch me with Speed.

At his melting Words she began to comply,  
With sighs from her Heart and tears from her Eyes,  
I consent noble Squire to be your Bride,  
But what will become of us both she reply'd.

When my noble Knight which is your Father dear  
And my worthy Lady, your Mocher should hear,  
We both shall be ruined, ne'er fear said he,  
My Dear shall be Married in private with me.

# P A R T. II.

**N**Ext Morning in private married they were,  
No triumph was seen but industrious care,  
He kiss her and said I'll be true to my Dear,  
And no Friend I have of this Blessing shall hear.

My Dear I would have you be private a while,  
Discover me not though you should be with Child,  
Say nothing of Marriage, say nothing of me,  
For fear that my Parents prove cruel to thee.

Take



Take courage and suffer thy shame for a while,  
 My Father and Mother I may reconcile,  
 And in short time may come to agree,  
 If thou my dear Jewel wilt be ruled by me.

With kisses and tender embraces besides,  
 She promised she would with tears in her Eyes  
 They parted that time, none of his Friends 'tis said,  
 Knew that this young Squire had wedded his Maid.

But now comes the grief and sorrow at last,  
 When five or six months were over and past,  
 So large in her Wasse she began for to grow,  
 Her Coat and her Apron so short they did show.

Her Lady cry'd what is the matter with you,  
 Methinks you look very big Mistress Sue,  
 Tell us with whom you the wanton have play'd,  
 For you are with Child yet nothing she said.

What Spark pray you Susan has led you astray,  
 Pray tell me or else I will turn you away,  
 Yet she would say nothing but seem'd discontent,  
 With tears in her Eyes from her Service she went.

To one of her Tennants away she did go,  
 And there she remained in Sorrow and Woe,  
 Till travelling Pains came on her so fast,  
 That Women and Midwife was sent for at last,

While this poor Creature was racking with pain,  
 The Mistress and Women with scorn and disdain,  
 Pray tell us the Father the Midwife did say,  
 Or else you in sorrow and pain shall lay.

An honest true Husband I have I declare,  
 Whose honoured Name for a while I'll forbear,



To mention although my Life I should pay,  
For my dear Husband I'll never betray.

Because of his most noble honour and fame,  
Then flew in the Squire, the Squire by name,  
Who under the Window had hearken'd a while,  
Said he to the Midwife bring forth my sweet Child.

How dare you deny to deliver my Wife,  
Whom I do love as dear as my Life,  
The Midwife and Women said Madam sit down.  
And soon they brought forth the young Squire a Son.

P A R T, III.

**N**OW to what follows hear in this Part,  
I'm sure it will pierce e'ery true Lover's heart.  
I think in all England the like ne'er was known,  
And therefore I pray give heed every one.

It was told to his Parents the very next day,  
That Mistress Susan whom they turned away,  
For being with Child, was their Son's dear Wife,  
Who vows that he loves her as dear as his life.

I cannot believe it his Father then said,  
Nor I said his Mother, she's none of his Bride,  
Now while they were talking the Squire came in,  
Where soon his sad sorrow and grief did begin.

We wish you much Joy his Parents then said,  
Pray were there no Ladies more fit for your Bride,  
Than Mistress Susan of Parents so poor,  
If she be your Wife Son we'll own you no more.

The Squire he straightway fell on his knees,  
Dear Father and Mother pray do what you please,  
Although

Although that the same would cost me my life,  
Dear Parents sweet Susan is my lawful Wife.

And should be if she were poorer than Job,  
And La great Prince or Lord of the Globe,  
My Jewel sweet Susan I swear shall be mine,  
Well well says his Mother it is my design.

To banish you both though it cost me my life,  
You shall have small comfort in her for a Wife,  
His Mother in a passion away she did run,  
Declaring she'd murder both her and her Son.

What mean you what mean you dear mother *said he*,  
It is no Christian part so cruel to be,  
O worst of Women that would you have done,  
To murder poor Innocents to plague your Son.

The very next morning they sent for their Son,  
I've sworn said the Father and it must be done,  
Come strive for to please your own Mother and me  
To-morrow dear Son you are bound to the Sea.

Along with brave C—d an Rook you must go,  
To fight the proud French and Spaniards also,  
And in the mean time I will strive my dear Child,  
To make both you and your Mother reconcil'd.

I'll likewise be kind to your Wife and your Son,  
Well then noble Father your will shall be done,  
He came to sweet Susan with a Heart full of woe,  
Says he my dear Jewel from you I must go.

My Father commands me to sail the next wind,  
I hope in short time to us both he'll be kind,  
Now while he was telling this sorrowful Tale,  
The wind it grew fair and the Fleet must set sail.

( 7 )  
P A R T, IV.

**T** Hey sailed next morning for the Coast of Spain  
But Oh! the poor Squire return'd not again,  
A deperate Cannon Ball did seperate,  
His Head from his Body at Cadiz of late.

It is thought that his Parents had order'd it so,  
If possible he might be slain by the Foe,  
For in a short time after as I do declare,  
The Ghost of the Squire did straightway appear.

And came to his Father and Mother one Night,  
The Chamber appeared like Day all over light,  
The Apparition appeared in Blood,  
A Head in his Hand by their Bed-side he stood.

With three bitter groans he was heard to cry,  
Twas you cruel Mother wrought my Destiny  
And with a sad Groan or two vanish'd away,  
But still he appeared to them Day after Day.

Thro' your cruel pride I have lost my dear Son,  
Thou worst of Women see what you have done,  
Then to his Son's Wife went strait I declare,  
And settled upon her two hundred a year.

Unknown to my Lady dear Daughter said he,  
This is to maintain my Grandson and thee,  
By reason your Husband my dear Son is dead,  
O then I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd she said.

Do not my dear Daughter be dissatisfied,  
For you and your Infant I mean to provide,  
Twas my cruel Lady caused your discontent,  
Then up to fair London away she was sent.

Where



Where now I will leave her in sorrow and woe,  
 To shew how the Squire perplexed them so,  
 And caused them both to lament Day and Night,  
 Then wait for the Clergy his Father did write.

When the learned Men from Oxford did come,  
 If you can but lay the young Squire my Son,  
 He haunts us wherever we go Night or Day,  
 Two hundred pounds to you I will pay.

Most part of that Night he did with 'em contend  
 At last being conquered he begged of them.  
 They would not lay him in the Red Sea.  
 No, no said the Clergy we grant it to thee.

Sir Knight said the Clergy where shall he be laid,  
 In my Fish-pond under the Island he said,  
 Now on the same Island e'er since has been seen,  
 A Tree that both Winter and Summer is green.

His Father says now I have ruin'd my Son.  
 His Mother cries Night and Day what have I done  
 His Wife she laments for her Husband dear,  
 Therefore let this Tragical Story end here.

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FINIS.

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